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The Nation's Prospects of Peace.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

OFFICERS' GENERAL HOSPITAL,

AND REPEATED AT THE

Hampton Hospital, near Fort Monroe, Va.,

ON

THANKSGIVING DAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1864.

By JAMES MARSHALL.

PUBLISHED BY THE PATIENTS IN THE HOSPITAL.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICERS' GENERAL HOSPITAL,
Fort Monroe, Va., Sept. 16th, 1864.

REV. JAMES MARSHALL,
Chaplain U. S. A.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, desire to publish the discourse delivered by you on the 11th inst., the day appointed by the President for special Thanksgiving to God, on account of the late victories which foreshadow Peace. Many in the Hospital unable to leave their beds or to be present on the occasion would like to read it, and circulate it, believing it will do great good. We, therefore, respectfully solicit a copy for publication, and remain,

Very truly,

CHAS. DEVINS, Brig-Gen'l Vols.
Dr. RUSH, Surgeon, U. S. V.
CHAS. PAYSON, 1st Lieut. and A. D. C.
Lieut. S. W. MARSHALL, 3d Pa. Art.
Lieut. PRIESTLY YOUNG, 36th U. S. C. T.
Chaplain PERKINS, 9th Maine Vols.
" ADAMS, 2d N. H. Vols.
Lieut. ANDREW GROGAN, 6th Conn. Vols.
Capt. GEO. H. HOOKER, 85th Pa. Vols.
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Lieut-Col. J. A. HILL, 11th Maine.
Lieut. JOHN SCOTT, 16th N. Y. Art.
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Lieut. G. W. HIRST, Adj't 62d Ohio Vols.
Lieut. CLARK, 11th Maine Vols.
Capt. H. F. H. MILLER.
W. H. MANNING, Hosp. Steward, U. S. A.
Corp. W. H. GILPATRICK.
W. TROLLINGER.
Sergt. A. D. BROOKS.
T. O'CLOYD.
W. H. BOYLE.
Sergt. T. H. BLAKE.
W. H. TRINNICK, Citizen, Pa.
GEO. RUCH.
CHAS. G. RUSSEL, Citizen, N. Y.
CHAS. WOODS, and seventy others.

REPLY.

OFFICERS' GENERAL HOSPITAL,
September 17th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN:—The sermon you request for publication is at your disposal. You have kindly expressed your confidence in its ability to do good by greater circulation. I trust, a corresponding indulgence may be exercised towards its imperfections when you come to its perusal, as the manifold duties of the Hospital are so untimely and exacting, that the desire and effort for doing good may compensate for the many short comings. Thanking you for this evidence of your confidence and esteem, and praying God's blessing may attend this feeble effort to present the Divine Hand in our struggle for Peace,

I am, most sincerely,
JAMES MARSHALL.

To Brig-Gen'l DEVINS, and others.

SERMON.

"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace."
ROM. xiv., 19.

THE Apostle manifests deep solicitude in this chapter about the peace of the Church among the Romans; for, it was the great instrument to establish and build up God's kingdom in the world. Hence, his energies were single to the honor of the Church of Christ. With watchful eye he studied her progress,—with matchless wisdom he guided her counsels. Exigencies arose, demanding restraints. Dissensions, "doubtful disputations," mis-spent zeal, abused Christian liberty,—all filled Paul with anxiety. Now, shall causeless differences sweep away like a flood the ground-work of Christian peace? Shall the bramble rule over the olive and the vine? Shall Cains destroy Abels? Shall Judases cover the peaceful hearthstones with woe? Paul's restraints were used to protect the brethren, preserve the Church's peace, and advance God's glory. The text was the last of a series of rules for that purpose: "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace." This rule was the means to help plant in pure hearts the Commonwealth of Israel, so that its rising and unfolding proportions might be the ingathering point of all nations, where, casting divine trophies at the feet of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, they might join the one grand chorus—"Peace be within thy walls."

"That mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
With weary striving and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."

Such is the peace of those, whom faith assures, will be future members of the "general assembly of the first born," through reconciliation with God by faith in the righteousness of Christ.

We cannot fail to trace the Christian's peace in its analogy to national peace, as the latter is conditioned by the energy of the former. When organized wrong, crystallized from seething dissensions, threaten public tranquillity, then political Pauls wisely issue the rules for peace.

But peace does not always flow from public quiet, from universal prosperity, from worldly wealth, from individual influence and personal security; these conditions too often beget that peace that breeds corruption, and

> "—— nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
> License, and wanton rage, which war, alone,
> Can purge away."

Hence, national peace often follows in the wake of conquering legions, which God uses as battle-axes, to clear the way to the "righteousness that exalteth a nation." Like the sword of the Spirit, two-edged and piercing, they lay bare national corruptions as the Spirit spreads out the iniquities of the heart. Terrible the thought, but

> "The waste, the woe, the bloodshed and the tears,"

that follow after war's harsh thunders, are often pains that give peace, as death speaks of Heaven. Suffering makes pure first, then peaceful. Centuries of martyrdom and persecutions have been the price of liberty. So the peace of the Church has flowed from her most convulsive struggles for existence. A soul most deeply feels the peace of faith, that has sounded the depths of affliction. Citizenship for heaven costs a world of wealth in both temporal and spiritual resources. So expensive also is citizenship of a State, when its peaceful enjoyment is based on stability arising from public intelligence and righteous administration of just laws. Our duties as true citizens and as loyalists to the ccuntry of our fathers, are based upon the principle that "right makes might," and not the reverse, in which despots see divinity, that "might makes right." The analogy then

existing between the efforts of Pauls in the Church and Pauls in the State to secure peace, is manifest and gives us the inspiration of our theme,—

THE NATION'S PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

Let us apply the text to the present condition of our nation, and discover, first, *what things make for peace;* and secondly, *why the present prospects are a ground of thanksgiving to God,* in whose hands are the destinies of nations?

While we speak of our country, her faults, her merits, her position, her politics, her moral character as flowing from the moral character of her people, we must necessarily controvert somebody's views, and hence rest under the old charge of preaching politics in the pulpit, and thus polluting the sacred office. But war is upon us. It engages all our thoughts. We think of it, talk of it, dream of it. It has deranged our business, pervaded our homes, and sent mourning groups into our sanctuaries. We cannot ignore it. The greatest sticklers for purely gospel sermons will read the war-news on Sunday rather than listen, not only to gospel preaching in their judgment, but also to the grand moral significance of passing events in their intimate relation to the prosperity of the cause of Zion. But we are all citizens and soldiers, liable to be drafted, and compelled to fight. Ministers are not exempt, but subject to all military restrictions. They have, therefore, a right to speak upon issues at stake, upon principles involved, upon the moral teachings of events, and upon the men that figure in this drama of our country. The cause, we believe, is a sacred one, and he is a coward that fails to speak the words of truth and duty. The thrilling scenes around us fill our thoughts. They crowd the very sanctuary of God; and as Christians and patriots we should study events, and thank the God of battles in accordance with the Executive proclamation, for the present cheering prospects of deliverance from civil war.

We approach our country always as a lover of art nears the inner sanctuary of a magnificent temple. He admires its workmanship, its fitness, its beauty, its silence, its sacred

associations. His fathers may have worshipped there. If true, his awe deepens, and his soul responds to echoes from the eternal world. So are our hearts filled with devotion as we behold the temple of our liberties, although some of its columns may be broken and defaced by the vandal hordes of treason. Our fathers reared this national home. They fought, suffered, and died here. Scarcely can we fix our eyes upon a page of our history, but they wet with tears in view of the sorrows and struggles and sacrifices therein displayed by heroes to give us all the privileges of American citizenship. What shall we say of the sacrilege of him who first dropped the foul blot of treason upon the sacred scroll, rendering thereby his infamy imperishable?

> "Is there not some chosen curse,
> Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
> Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
> Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

I. The prospects of national peace are based, first, upon things, developing in this civil conflict, which truly gives assurance of the speedy enjoyment of that blessing; and at the same time indicate the duty of loyal citizens in the premises. Nearly four years ago, the great tragedy of our nation opened. How many votaries have become victims, and passed away from the bloody drama? How often the old flag has gone up and down mid the fortunes of battle! Thank God, it is still stainless and glorious, waving over freemen determined to be free. Hundreds of strongholds now bear the proud standard, over which the flag of treason trembled with thieving defiance, when the "stars and stripes" were first made the martial shroud of Fort Sumter.

1. The first thing we mention, that makes for peace is *the justice of our cause.* A reference to the facts of traitors, in the origin of the rebellion, shows that their cause was based upon perjury, falsehood and oppression. But we need not refer to those facts. We need not repeat the causes that sent sweeping over the land this destroying tempest of arrowy sleet and iron hail. We need not assert that treason first unchained at Vicksburg and Charleston, in Feb-

ruary and April, 1861, the grim thunderbolts of Mars, ploughing the South with wreck and ruin, and casting deep death-shades over the whole national domain. We need not recall the rebel conspiracy, long and deeply laid; the seizure of mints, arsenals and forts; the stealing and plundering of public treasuries; the transfer to the South of war munitions; the world-wide scattering of war vessels; the efforts to bribe soldiers and officials to dishonor their trusts; the ignoring of the people's will to rush seven States into the gulf of secession before the instigators left their seats in the National Congress; the organization of the Rebel Confederacy before President Lincoln was inaugurated. We need not remind him familiar with the devices of traitors, how secret diplomacy swelled with recognition of our ruin through the influence of foreign ministers sent to foreign courts to protect, and save, and honor us. We need not point to Sumter's humiliated emblem of our nationality; to our unparalleled leniency towards the worst enemies of humanity. We need not further review those acts of treachery and baseness, by the very men, *now* in rebellion, who, *then*, held supreme sway over our destinies at Washington. We leave all these facts, with simply a reference. The black catalogue has become history. The justice of our cause has been the rock to stay these mad waves. Future generations will wonder at our ignorance of the scheme, and our indifference at first to its consummation. Northern sympathizing conclaves rejoiced in the rebellious events, while the loyal people displayed the very grandeur of patience to avoid the horrors of the impending war-cloud so soon to burst in streams of fiery rain upon the heads and homes of those who invoked its rising out of the great sea of human dissensions, like the great beast in the vision of the Prophet,—"dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly." But the loyal masses did not shrink from either duty or danger. To their shame, however, they were willing to do some things; they were willing to compromise with open rebellion; they were willing to let the slave-coffle wind around the base of Capitol Hill and lift its manacled hands in the face of unrighteous rulers; they were willing

that Washington, the National Capital, might continue a slave-mart like Richmond, Atlanta, Nashville, New Orleans, and countless other Southern cities, on whose auction-block, the pleas of mothers, the cries of children, the claims of men, and the rights of humanity, would go down under the torturing and unpaid exactions of sugar-houses, cotton-fields and rice-swamps; they were willing to hide their heads when asked what they had to do with slavery,—they had not moral courage to say,—*they had everything to do with it*, because, first, *they shared the national disgrace;* secondly, *they were implicated in its crimes;* and, thirdly, *they must inevitably share its calamities when they came,* which then were a question of time, and *which now are upon us,* enveloping the land in sackcloth and woe; they were willing to do much more—to give up Southern fugitives, to repeal Northern obnoxious laws, to guarantee slavery in the slave States by so amending the Constitution; and yet all these ignoble surrenders were despised and spurned and spit upon by traitors because they only lengthened the time of their nominal union with Northern "mudsills" and "hyænas;" for, the long laid plan was, Disunion, and an Independent Slave Empire, whose grappling irons they hoped might sometime swing their chains from New England Mountains across to the Pacific Ranges. I need not tell you our people were *not* willing to yield to every rebellious demand, nor to cower beneath every traitor's threat. They were not willing to give all our magnificent territorial domain to human bondage; to make our free cities and towns, stations for Southern planters to linger at with human chattels; to give up the fruits of constitutional suffrage; to acknowledge the right of secession; to arraign our forefathers as guilty; to give Monarchies preference over Republics; to blot out the memories of noble deeds for the Union; to break in pieces that grand old Bell in Independence Hall, rung at the great Declaration of our Nation's birth, on which was the proclamation of God to the enslaved Hebrews: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof." They were not willing to grant that the principle of slavery was right, whether ap-

plied to whites or blacks, thus plunging Northern white laborers into the degradation of Southern bondage,—both the bondage of the poor whites, ignoranee and poverty; and the bondage of the negro, ignoranee and oppression. They were not willing to yield to the State-rights' heresy, that any band of disaffeeted traitors might perjure themselves and forswear allegianee, and so tumble the Republic to pieces whenever they pleased, thus branding our Government as no Government. In view of such surrenders which treason demanded, should the people beeome disgraeed and dishonored in the sight of Nations and in the sight of a just God by yielding all loyal sentiment? all national virtue? all true and noble manhood? *No*, NEVER! NEVER! Civil war was preferable to national dishonor, to the loss of national virtue. Hence Union and Human Rights gleamed from a million bayonets. Loyalty deepened in millions of hearts. A tide-wave of willing sacrifice rolled over the land to purify and paeify and henee preserve the Nation in its territorial and moral integrity. How much heart was crowded into "God bless you," as the sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, willingly entered the stern eonflict of war, forced upon the people by four months of open war-like and treasonable acts, after many years' preparation before the Nation called her loyal sons to her defense and salvation.

Our people have fought three years, nobly, bravely and suceessfully as the eontraeting area of rebellious territory plainly shows. The battles are not all fought. Loyalty to our eause must yet meet the seeret foes at home, whose reeord in this eonfliet runs parallel with the Arnolds of the Revolution. But the heavy blows administered against the strongholds of open rebellion and the masked batteries of seeret foes, have more clearly revealed the sympathy of the world's despots with the traitors; so that, when we view the rebellion from the stand-point of its origin, we stand more firmly than ever before, upon—*the justice of our cause as the first and most important thing that makes for peace.*

But let us view further that principle of justice as displayed in the character and design of the parties engaged.

*

The insurgent party arose against Law and Order. The loyal party resisted to counteract Disunion and Anarchy. Hence, mighty antagonisms are in deadly struggles. The real object of the insurgent party is, Independence, upon the principle of State Rights, which would shatter the rebel government into untold divisions, if peace prevailed throughout its borders. The rebellion to-day proves the assertion true. Grant secession, and the grand old Union would crumble into a host of confederacies like those in Germany, Mexico, and South America, with all the horrors of their internal wars. Grant division, as the enemies of the Government at home and abroad desire, then will not destruction follow? The voice of history is warning. The Trojan divisions gave Troy to Greece. Grecian divisions crushed Grecian liberty under the despotic heel of Philip. So the Persian throne passed into the power of the king of Macedon. Roman divisions made Rome the easy prey of the Turk. Where are the ancient Britons? Their dissensions opened gates for the Saxons, Danes and Normans to enter and supplant all vestiges of the race except the name of the British Island. "If a kingdom be divided against itself that kingdom cannot stand!" Should the insurgents succeed, are there not modern Williams, and Philips, and Turks, who would rise to Mexican thrones on the ruins of other Republics? The following would be our steps to ruin—first, disunion; then disintegration; then standing armies in fighting confederacies; then other European Maximilians; then republics, failures; then anarchy; then, finally, as in those nations, whose wrecks line the shores of history, a relapse into barbarism. Present efforts of traitors and the active sympathies of foreign tyrants are but the signal waves foretelling our doom if we fail to restore the insurgent States to allegiance. Now the position of the insurgent party is *war*, until they gain that independence that breeds slavery instead of freedom. The insurgent President spurns all proposals of peace until they can be received only "by virtue of his office," he says, "as President of an Independent Confederacy." First, independence, then peace, then *our* ruin as a great nation. Such independence would

give to the people the throne of Herod, with the liberties of Herod's subjects. Let us not be deceived. Davis is a giant and holds the South that our armies have not delivered from his despotism, in his iron grasp. His position is war unto success, else the alternative, death or banishment and disgrace. The position of the loyal party is peace; in the beginning it was peace, during the times covered by the President's Proclamations, it was peace; to-day, it is peace; peace, upon conditions of allegiance to law, and the fulfillment of the conditions which traitors have invoked as war-measures. Peace, peaceably if possible, but peace forcibly, if such necessity must exist, to restore the Union and establish anew the principles of Human Rights.

Our first position is further illustrated by the rebels rebelling against laws of their own enacting. They had never been ruled with tyranny, for they had ruled themselves. How many years had they shaped the policy of this Government, until they very nearly ripened it for ruin. So far, the North was standing on the same platform. Finally, that long governmental policy, which should be our shame instead of our boast, educated the masses to use intelligently the right of suffrage. But had rewards or punishments been unjustly administered, redress could have been found in the legitimate channels. If failure there, then they might have unsheathed the revolutionary sword, if justified by the probabilities of success. But the South loved slavery with all its lust, and avarice, and power, and arrogance. Why deny it? They confess it the cause of their rebellion. We know it is the strength of their resistance. They had long legally intrenched slavery within all departments of the Government,—within the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial; and all foreign courts had apologists for its existence. But the disease produced its own remedy. "To be a slave," says a Kentuckian, "is to have no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, no wife, no husband, no son, no daughter, no lover, no house, no lands, no property, no rights, no privileges, no pursuit of happiness, no vote, no education, no security, no advocate, no redress, no will, no self, no Bible, no God; to have nothing but a master."

Such was the disease that brought its own cure by its destruction. Such a system of barbarism inaugurated the long ripening rebellion. Such a system, we are told by the wisest prophet of its practical lessons expressed in secession —A. H. Stephens—is the corner-stone of civilization! But God's face is flint against it. Liberty and Slavery can never exist together again in the restored Union. Yet we have men, whose public record in the North is full of evidence of complicity with its crime, who say—Let disunion come, rather than this system of barbarism should go down. But all the moral forces of the world ignore it. As sure as God and humanity and all the moral forces of the age are against it, God will not give us peace until it is blotted from this nation—until with the generous magnanimity of a great people, we open wide the doors of Christian benevolence to a race, whose sufferings and wrongs have given us wealth and strength, until they have been turned as a rock against our grasping avarice. But slavery can still be saved, by surrendering to the rebels all the rights their treason forfeited,—by supplanting the armor of liberty now worn by 200,000 black soldiers, with the rags and shackles of slavery, —by making increasing calls upon our white men, to repress incursions along our borders,—and by reconstructing the Union upon the basis of two, or five, fighting confederacies; whereas the way to peace is in the paths of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan on land, and Winslow and Farragut on water, whose grand though terrible commissions will restore the Union upon the basis of Justice and Liberty. Then Almighty Providence will stand as sentinel over our homes, Our country will be *restored wholly* FREE, and not *reconstructed, partly* SLAVE.

Now God uses wicked means to accomplish great results. His restraints have rested all along on rebel efforts for our destruction. The rams Atlanta and Tennessee, and pirate Alabama were first permitted to assault our national shield in order that we might measure more wisely the desperate designs of our adversary. So with the enemy's strongholds all along the coast and inland. But we need not boast. Our own men are wicked, our rulers bad, their opponents worse,

and the war rages; but none of these give character to the cause, any more than a wicked professor determines the cause of Christ. Divine agencies are even grappling with wicked ones, both to use and conquer them. Pharoah was made to feed the church. Haman raised Mordecai high in the Persian court. Joseph's brethren raised him to great power in Egypt. So has God used the rebels and the wrongs of the slave in which our nation has so long been implicated, to promote the cause of freedom and universal brotherhood, not simply by freeing the negro, but by making, Abolition, a solid fact, instead of it being a rod of scorpions to whip prejudices into rebel ranks. So also have the appeals to foreign help, financial embarrassment, and Northern sympathy, stimulated the loyalty of the nation to more vigorous efforts and unbending determination to settle its account with traitors upon the terms of a righteous and permanent peace.

The above considerations upon State Rights and Slavery as the cause of our troubles are confirmed by the words and acts of our early fathers. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin—all those eminent worthies would suffer starvation and death in the South to-day for their views. Jefferson penned the strongest denunciations of slavery in the Declaration of Independence. They were expunged for expediency. But what did they do respecting State Rights? Gather together without unity a few separate nationalities? If so, our nation has been sending up false signals to the world for nearly a century. We are not then one nation bound together by one organic law; but our States are simply beads strung upon a rope of sand. Secession is the child of State-Rights, and Slavery is the father of—both. Now the Union has no controversy with States further than the welfare of each, and the stability and allegiance of the whole; yet the cry of interference has sown the wind, and to-day we are reaping the whirlwind. But the rotteness of the State-Rights dogma is unfolding its premises and conclusions and results in the battle-fields of this war. Our people will now permanently settle this question. Peace speaks through the thunders that rain death on the head of this long skulk-

ing viper. But suppose we fail to establish the Government upon the supremacy of the Constitution in all its beneficent provisions, then civil war becomes the *rule,* instead of the exception; then turn to the midnight heavens, and while the starry hosts silently move on and speak peace to the Universe, and ever and anon behold the stars shooting athwart the sky, and going out in darkness, we will be reminded of the various States of America plunging into the oblivion of the past until all were gone—then where shall we turn our gaze for the lost Pleiades of the great Union—once so bright and brilliant in the firmament of historic Liberty, but now buried in the chaos of Slavery, State-Rights and Secession? Hence the justice of our cause comes home to the soldier, the sailor, the civilian in whatever pursuit of life or in whatever position of influence he may be placed. This war originated among the enemies of human rights. It is a war on our part for national existence, for principle, for an asylum for the oppressed and a home for the free, and therefore every christian and patriot can enter our armies to fight for an honorable and speedy peace, asking God's blessing upon every advancing step.

2. The next thing that makes for peace, is the fact, *that this nation, united and free, is the hope of true Republicanism throughout the world.*

Our example has planted in other nations the germ of human rights, which our prosperity and happiness so long have watered and fed, until the ideal of the prophet has been realized to many true patriots. Wide-branching is the tree from which so many, even in despotic lands, now pluck the fruits of liberty. Thus a large liberal party has strengthened and gained great power. But the countries of exclusive rights, whose armed and uncertain peace will always be disturbed by the patriotic breathings of the people,—so long as they must labor and suffer, not for themselves, but for feudal successions and royal despots,—are the enemies of the republicanism of the United States. They desire our destruction. Despotism and Liberty are irreconcilable, implacable foes. Their principles are antagonisms.

A Russian Alexander, a French Napoleon, and the nameless slavocrat over a Southern Confederacy, are ONE in sympathy. Either would wipe out popular rights, and confine governments to the hereditary few. Either would dispose of the people without consulting them. This liberal party, running through all nations, now silent and deep, then openly upon the surface, has so reacted upon the thrones of monarchies, that bold leaders speak in each nation with thundering tones for popular rights—so that aristocratic prerogatives often tremble in the balance of insurrection, from which Democracy has snatched so much force and progress. Their great ally on this continent has fought desperately the last four years to gain supreme sway. His fangs have struck deep and deadly. Reaction in Europe has favored freedom. Liberal principles, checked and curtailed at times, have deepened and expanded. Failures only embodied events of greater moment. The blood of martyrs was only promising seed. Its fruits were manifest when princes appealed to popular suffrage to settle great questions. The elections in France, Italy, Greece, the Principalities of the Danube, and other states, did not establish popular rights, but they did more firmly establish the liberal party in the knowledge of human justice, and more thoroughly educated the millions of electors to at last strike and maintain. These princes may be selfish. They appealed to the majestic will of the people in general suffrage, to strengthen their power and solve international difficulties. But they also revealed their own corruption and weakness to the liberty-loving masses, and now, while this nation is in the throes of revolution, a general war threatens Europe. Everywhere armies are mustering and deploying, war-emergencies rising, revolutions seething, nations changing bounderies, empires rocking, republics falling, conventions assembling,—everywhere from the Pacific shores sweeping eastward to the Indias—is agitation, overturning, revolution, reformation.

"Worlds are changing,—heaven beholding."

But "the Lord has his way in the whirlwind and in the

storm." He is overruling all for his glory. Out of these world-wide struggles that compel each nation to study well the forces of its own stability, are cheering evidences of peace—not an *armed peace,* based on the plots of the Vienna Peace Conference of the three great powers, whose daring schemes would prevent Denmark and Germany uniting like Italy under the headship of a Victor Emanuel, and organizing democracy into a mighty progressive power;—not an *armed peace,* based on treaty obligations at the expense of popular rights,—as that of the London Conference, which consulted only the interests of feudal succession, limits of dynasties, petty jealousies, and political power, showing thus that the anarchy of European affairs is an earnest of non-interference in American matters; but they foreshadow a peace that is based on the eternal principles of human liberty,—upon the recognition of popular rights,—upon the great principle of the brotherhood of the human race,—upon the principle that weakness shall be protected,—upon the principle that governments were ordained for equal justice;—upon the principle that God did not make this world to be the scene of violence and wrong, wherein the many must forever tamely submit to be the stupid tools of the few. Our national example has set in motion this logical train of events, which must go on until the globe is girdled by a brotherhood of free nations. The tendency of these grand struggles is to sign the death-warrants of Absolutism, False Religion, and Human Slavery,—to pledge freedom to human consciences and the advancement of civilization,—and to finally surrender the kingdoms of this world to the saints of the Most High God.

Now the voice that comes sounding across the Atlantic from these throes of nations in Europe is the voice of Liberty—and the Liberty that, throbbing in the world's convulsions, looks for its final triumph to the success of the Union cause in America. While absorbed in our country's struggle, we are not dead to free thought and action in other parts of the world. France has true patriots, even behind her imperial throne. Laboulaye, Gasparin, Jules Favre, and others, are our friends. Our cause is the cause of the

liberal party of the world. The words of these French patriots are cloven tongues to-day upon the heads of American freemen. England, although a moral island, in this grand struggle, has Bright, Cobden, Mills, and others, whose pleas are for humanity against the fusion of English aristocracy and Southern slavery. England has hearts yet free that are touched with the cries of the laborer, and advocate his cause in the shadow of the throne. But where are Poland's heroes? All martyrs to liberty, writhing beneath Russia's immense war-legions. Some have been hung from the glacis of the citadel of Warsaw; others, transported to Siberian mines, with the noblest aspirations crushed, that ever thrilled the heart, are chained in the cold fortresses of despotism. Where is Italian liberty? Watching from the very hills of Rome the progress of our cause, and admiring the magnitude of our development as the war goes on. Her Garibaldi waits with lonely impatience, yet hopeful. Italy has exiled her princes, given her suffrage to her people, but lies bound under the power which encircles Rome and proceeds from the "patrimony of St. Peter." When those grand spirits suffer and die that their fatherland may be like America, united and free, do we wonder our cause they believe to be theirs? Do we wonder they seek a refuge here? The ancient city of Athens had an altar of mercy, to which the unfortunates of foreign lands fled for refuge and protection. They obtained both. The grandeur and hospitality of Athens are renowned in ancient literature, because

"The distressed have made it sacred."

So the shield which America has thrown around the fugitives from political wrong, will ever be sacred in history. The same spirit that has crushed Poland and Italy, is leagued to-day to give independence to the South, destroy the United States as a first-class power, and eventually dig the grave of liberty in this land. But let the Union be restored "as it should be," and it will be the world's great breakwater against the tide-waves of absolute power, and a guarantee of peace to the lovers of liberty.

But many of those friends of liberty are with us in per-

son. They are fighting in our armies. True to his principles, an Irishman said "I enlisted for two years, eight days after I landed in New York. I came out to get a home for my family. The rebellion was in the land. I knew the liberty of America was the liberty of Ireland, for the United States is truly 'the home of the free and the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.' I want to leave my children no richer fortune, than that of a home in this country." Here is true loyalty, giving itself expression in confidence after the hardships and dangers and wounds of a two years' campaign. Loyalty was a deep sentiment hardened into principle that was infused into the very fibres of his being. There was also Lieutenant Karnasch, who fell before Atlanta, most faithful, most loyal, among the bravest of the brave. He remarked in view of the terrible results to all citizens in this country of the success of the Union cause: "If I had become a Prussian soldier, I am confident I could have never felt such a strong devotion for my country as I feel for my adopted country, unless Prussia had become a safe Republic—had become young Germany. I love Germany intensely, but I bewail it, while I love America intensely and admire—worship it. I thank Providence for being in existence during such a grand period for the good fortune of my present lot." We can say of him in words appropriate to all the noble heroes that have fallen, both from our own homes and from the military restrictions and crushing bondage of other lands, who have thus nobly, like Revolutionary DeKalb, laid their bones in the soil of America to be forever watered by the dews from the Tree of Liberty:

"All is not dead!
Still in your midst something lingers to-day
Of the loved and departed, untouched by decay;
The virtues he cherished yet live and will last,
When the scenes of the present are lost in the past.
All is not dead!

Nobly he fell!
Not in the winter of age bending low,
Wasted and worn—in the summer's warm glow—
Strong in his manhood—hope gilding his sky—
In the pathway of duty he sank down to die—
Nobly he fell!"

How many such sons of freedom we have in our army, both from our homes and from abroad. This is loyalty as a deep, abiding, energizing sentiment, a loyalty that will sacrifice and fight for liberty wherever endangered, not only because the hopes of millions are conditioned by it, but because it is the manifestation of the highest type of political right that proceeds from the bosom of God.

It is a loyalty that sends forth a moral power to restrain despots and to guarantee the triumph of Right. Our example, therefore, is the Pharos rising above the waves of Revolution to enlighten and cheer upward-struggling nationalities, while their moral progress and force are pledges of one speedy and righteous peace.

3. In view then of these grand issues to this country and to the world, and to the cause of truth, everywhere and for all time, that must flow from the success of our cause, the next thing that will make for peace *is our full duty to the defenders of this grand cause*—to the soldiers of the army and to the sailors of the navy.

The first and best thing we can give our soldiers is *the Gospel of Peace.* The gospel unfolds the principles for which they are fighting. While strengthened thus with heavenly armour, they are fitting themselves for the hardships and dangers and death that crowd upon them. Have they the gospel, all things else will come. The gospel gives food, water, wisdom, redemption. Without these, man is wretched; with them, happy. The soul demands the gospel. Soldiers want Christ in their hearts. Without Christ, men are Cains; with him, Abels. Without Christ, men are liars; with him, sons of God. What is life in any form without God in Christ? A throne may be a dungeon. Wealth and power may be a hell. Progress is only deeper enmity to God, and finally, deeper distress of soul. These assertions are evident truths now to all thinking men in the army. Peace will be speedy and salutary in proportion to the gospel spirit imbibed and practiced by the soldiers.

If the gospel is the best thing we can give our defenders to fit them for war and peace and eternal blessedness, then

let us thank God for the Christian Commission—the special agency of the times to work with the Church of Christ. If the Government and the Sanitary Commission most abundantly supply the bodily wants of the army and navy, so the Christian Commission combines the good of both body and soul. Showers of religious truth pour down on every group of men throughout the nation. Its influence follows the soldiers to the outposts, into the trenches, the camps, the hospitals, on to the transports—everywhere a soldier lives. It dresses his wounds, bathes his fevered brow, satisfies the body and feeds the soul with the bread of eternal life. It forms a system of unceasing communication between the soldiers and their homes. Not a good thought rises, but its quiet presence turns it into the channel of divine grace. Christian men and women thank God and take courage daily at the vast revenue to the peace and prosperity of the nation, this agency of the people is funding. This mighty, ever-present, all pervading Christian power is the grandest agency ever developed in the history of Christian benevolence to sanctify and ennoble the qualities of manhood developed by the sternest realities of life—the hardships of war. It reminds us of the days of our Savior, when by twos and by twelves and by seventies his disciples preached the glad tidings from house to house, by the way-side, in the desert, and to assembled multitudes. May the promises encourage the people to sow by means of this agent in the morning, and withhold no good thing in the evening. The seeding will not be in vain. The truth will lodge in thousands of hearts, that otherwise would never hear it. When the war closes, and all return to civil pursuits, daily reviews of army scenes, and experiencies, and merciful providences, will become means of grace. May we not hope for a general revival of deeper religious thought? Will not the moral tone of the nation be elevated? Will not the Church be clothed with new honors? The harvest of truth in this world will give a faint conception of that glorious throng who will join the "Harvest Home" in the world to come.

Another way to support our brave boys in the field is—*to show them that you appreciate their sacrifices in a*

noble cause. This can be done by not complaining of scarcity of workmen and hardness of labor at home, but by doing everything possible for their bodily and mental comfort. Home laborers are absolutely essential. Their work is hard; but they command their hours. Few will exchange with soldiers in the field. No class of men work harder than soldiers during a campaign. They give their lives willingly, dig nights, fight days, suffer everything possible to save the nation,—to transmit through the ages untold blessings. Marching through heat, dust, mud and rain, receiving in battle honorable furloughs from wounds, or falling in honorable though obscure graves, how astounding yet commendable their patience, their fidelity, their heroism!

"Theirs not to reason why,—
Theirs but to do and die!"

While we cannot let their memory die, we cannot omit that other picture at home. The wife, mother or sister works, works, works,—quietly, cheerfully works,—support ing the family,—sending the soldiers comforts,—lifting them hourly at the throne of grace,—writing words of cheerful hope,—inspiring the soldier-hearts with the holy cause,—here in ten thousand homes is there heroism more grandly sublime than any ever displayed on the field of suffering and glory!

How many names once obscure have there been brought to the light of historic honor, because of the sacrifices made. Families have given three, four, five sons and a father.—Write high their names on the roll of honor. They are now the royal houses of the nation. Uncorrupted by hereditary wealth, true patriotic nobility combines with purity of soul. More enviable will be their fame than the princely honors of earthly courts. Such is heroism,—such is the price of Union—Liberty—Peace.

Again, *letter-writing may encourage* or *dishearten our soldiers.* It is a mighty power for good or evil. What an army of missives daily, either unfold the sweets of affection, loyalty to truth, and willing sacrifice for the cause, or else, a complaining, disheartening spirit. If home-words

are cheering, the soldier is strengthened for his work; if complaining, begging him to come home, even urging him to desert, the most manly spirit sinks—he is unfitted for duty. Some letters breathe only distrust, complaint, hard times. Such an influence disheartens the truest and bravest. Hard for a soldier to argue against blood and sense. But those families only increase their privations, prolong the war, charge to the government what it is not guilty of, complicate difficulties that must exist in a war of such magnitude, and often disgrace the name by inducing the soldier-member to suffer the penalty of desertion. Patriotism with them is measured by life's daily wants. It rises and falls with personal comforts. Such a home-spirit is transferred to the army. Every man manufactures ideas. Disparaging thoughts are always more readily received than hopeful ones;—so the flood of letters daily influencing the army, will either educate it for defeat or victory;—either rob our brave boys of all heart for their work, or infuse them with heroism of battle in the noblest cause that ever engaged warriors or statesmen.

Besides our duty to make correspondence frequent, and sanitary, as well as patriotic and Christian, our historical knowledge will be extensive. Every soldier is the family historian. He details his own experience in marches and battles. Hence localities, movements, commanders, battles, causes, features and results,—all will be familiar in each family circle. General intelligence more liberal and critical. The American people will be missionaries of peace, to help naturalize aliens to republicanism and Christianity.

4. Another element that makes for peace to the nation, is—the *true courage we see displayed both among civilians and soldiers.*

In the soldier, true courage is not recklessness of life, not passionate bursts of bravery, not vulgar blasphemy as death approaches, but true courage is thoughtful, serious, earnest. It seeks peace, avoids bloodshed, yet strikes boldly in a just cause. True courage is the silent tread of the regiment—the death-like march to face the emergency, when duty ignores danger. The true soldier fears no more, then,

the blue glamour from the cannon's throat, than the traveler fears the lightning playing across the electric cloud between him and his home. The same spirit,--silent, yet determined to crush this rebellion, is more general and growing to-day, among the people, than since the rebellion inaugurated this war. True courage demands no more armistice with treason than with murder. It ceases not to strike till every traitor surrenders without conditions. This war is not for this or that man;--it is for principle as eternal as the Throne of God. True courage wants peace--a peace that will lay rebellion prostrate at the feet of the Republic. Such peace in this country is Emancipation, while slavery is Disunion and War. If all shackles could fall to-day from the limbs of slaves, there would be immediate peace. Slavery staked its life on the struggle it invoked. Kill that and the struggle ends. What would we be fighting for? Same race, language and religion. Political gravity would gather these states around the organic law as the magic power of the sun rolls the planets in their cycles. Now if true courage wants peace, and emancipation is peace, then the growing courage of the nation is the silver lining on the cloud of war. It restores South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and other rebellious states to allegiance and peace, because it makes their slaves unionists by making them politically free. It makes the poor whites unionists, by removing them from a life unschooled, ragged, indolent, wretched, to a life of education, industry, hope, and happiness. Maryland proves this by abolishing slavery in her new constitution, and inviting free enterprise to her resources. Thus new forces rule in hearts and homes and laws. A new world will now renovate, and settle the old, unsettled world. But the old state of things is all changed --Plunge it back shall we to the condition of four years since? Pulling the moon from its orbit with a string would be as easy. Why have been over a million bayonets gleaming in war? Why have been millions of treasure expended? Why have oceans of most precious blood made truly sacred the nation's soil? Are we so fond of war ahead as to re-enact the bloody drama? All this war

for nothing? Come back then, traitors, with all your old rights! Nationalize slavery and play for Liberty 4th of July farces! Shall we raise a standing army to shackle again 200,000 slaves whom we have educated with bayonets and cannon for freedom? Shall all old malignant prejudices be replaced to block the car of truth and righteousness?

True courage rides upon the advancing crest of God's providences and forgetting the things that made war, seeks peace in destroying the causes of war, when they have inaugurated their own destruction. We thank God for this element of peace, so growing and hardening into national character.

But two dark features oppose this: one in the soldiers, the other in the nation at large. Soldiers complain of wicked men, heartless commanders, and ten thousand other faults. Taking a regimental or hospital stand-point, they judge the nation is going to ruin. Grant there is great godlessness, yet this does not justify despair, if a few righteous men can be found. God uses wicked agents to perform great ends. Instead of fault-finding, let us exercise charity and repentance. It requires giants to do the work of the Rebellion in order to crush it. We have them at the head of the Departments at Washington, and also at the Courts of Foreign Nations. Subordinates may have tried to defeat their honest and loyal efforts; but God has taken care of the cause. In the national machinery, wheels may be crushed, yet the mighty enginery of divine providence moves on. A brace may fall out from the national edifice, yet the building will stand and the repairing only beautifies and strengthens it.

Again, in respect to the people, we have had dark times in this war, because they lost confidence. Their confidence was based on earthly grounds. It was not established on the divine promises. So the nation trembled for existence, when a forged proclamation inflated the gold bubble for tyrants to play with. After a great army had swung with unparalleled rapidity for hundreds of miles around and over great natural and artificial fortresses, until it sat down under the walls of the enemy's capital, full of promise from

all chances of warfare—yet the war-giant failed to enter the breach at first as designed, but resumed his accustomed guard, yet the nation desponds, wonders if the cause is just, and most criminally talks about the conditions of humiliation and eternal disgrace. How the commercial barometer rises and falls with the thickness of the iron-mail of ocean steamers. How personal malice and disappointment will let fly the venomous shafts of inordinate ambition at the very heart of the nation, and cause iron-souled patriots and veteran soldiers to quail before the conflict of ideas. How hardened become brokers on "'Change," who hail defeats that lengthen purse-strings, and measure the value of groans for freedom with the rise and fall of stocks. Such is confidence in men—in human affairs—fickle, fatal, ephemeral. A single adverse breath wrecks all human frameworks, and the dire results to fortunes, homes, nations, become the current events of history. How different the confidence that anchors a soul in God—that acknowledges the God of nations. God saves nations for the few faithful and trusting, who believe that "The fear of the Lord is better than confidence in man or in princes." We want such confidence as a nation. Like the captives of Babylon we may rebuke the Nebuchadnezzar of the world:—"Our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace." By faith in God, chastened and humbled by his frowning dispensations, our heart will get cheer from the deep-toned sympathy that comes from the patriots of Geneva, pure and invigorating as the air that sweeps down from Alpine summits, and as firm as the Alpine foundations themselves. We thank God in the midst of public distrust, domestic treason and despotic sympathy with every thing that opposes the Union, for this voice from the city of the old Reformers. Coming when conventions are studying to smother the flames of liberty and stain manhood, we prize this sympathy the more, and hail it as an earnest of our own deliverance from the besetting prejudices of party spirit, and from the crimes we have nourished while quietly boasting of liberty and peace.

We do not doubt the final result. To waver would

be to ignore all past teachings. Our cause is one of justice and humanity. We may have a great defeat to endure yet. We have more courage to meet the event. But it may seem at times that patriotism was dying out upon our altars. Apathy reigns. We inquire—Where are true, honest, noble men? All gone to the enemy? All willing to surrender the honor won?—the great principles attained? All willing to dishonor the graves of a million heroes? Is this professed patriotism only a miserable, selfish, mercenary imitation? Is it the service of treason in the livery of democracy? If true, then we are fit to be slaves. We are unworthy of our liberty. A base, ignoble race, digging, crowding, mudrolling for gold. We will crawl to the magic of our own *hiss*. Let the valiant few pile us up as breastworks, behind which to vindicate the sweetness of death to the shame of surrender. But that is not our character. We have tories and cow-boys. But our soldiers are patriots. True, they take the large bounty of the patriotic people as pledges of support to home friends if they fall. The people are rich. Let the country pour its wealth into the lap of the noble soldiery. They earn it, they need it. They possess true courage. They hope in God. In all these convulsions, they see the divine hand uplifted. Their loyalty is deep and abiding. They hope in the Republic. They are fighting for peace. Future honors will be theirs. May we all—soldiers and civilians—prepare for delays and defeats. May we praise God for victories. "In that day, the Lord alone shall be exalted."

II. My dear friends, in view of the principles then that form the groundwork, rear the framework, and complete and adorn the grand temple of our cause, and which point to ultimate peace as unerringly as the finger of heavenly light directed the Eastern Magi to the infant Redeemer, the Prince of Peace, we may reverently thank God to-day in His divine courts, we may humbly repent of our sins, we may more implicitly trust in the God of Battles for final deliverance from civil war. But new grounds have lately brightened our prospects of peace. If the principles of our

cause and the promises of the past give hope, so the cheering events of the present as they gleam along our national horizon, should deepen our humility and nerve our sad though thankful hearts for the speedy and final triumph. Telegrams have flashed in sheeted flame over the nation the words,—"*victory,* VICTORY!" Farragut has spoken from the mast-head of his flag-ship:—We have forced the iron gates of Mobile Bay;—we have silenced the enemy's fiery enfilades;—we have repossessed our stolen fortresses,—we have caught in our naval drag-net the death-lurking schools of submarine batteries, while we mourn over the watery sepulchre of the gallant Craven and his crew;—we have pierced the iron flakes of the huge leviathan *Tennessee,* conqured and captured him, and now we are prepared to speak peace to the rebellious city when she signals her allegiance to law. Sherman has placed the cap-stone—Atlanta—on the battle-monument in Georgia, and rendered famous in war annals the battles, sieges, marches, and other military operations that have given crowning success to his glorious army. Grant has flanked once more the rebellious screw, and cut off the Weldon thread. From every quarter comes bright intelligence. How great the contrast from the condition one month since, when, while the victorious forces were mustering and deploying, the nation was desponding. Great campaigns seemed baffled; bloody assaults seemed fruitless; long lists of the fallen braves appalled the nation; Joabs were shouting peace, while spreading carnal weapons with concealed and bloody hands; the press was teeming with appeals to the worst elements of depraved human nature to resist the draft, to rebel against high prices, to complicate financial embarrassments, to nourish partisan prejudices, to devise sordid intrigues, to entangle our foreign affairs, to exaggerate failures, and to supplant true loyalty by grumbling, murmuring, low-mouthing treason. We were truly passing through the Valley Forge of our existence. But God has lifted us from the Vale of Humiliation. The late victories give the highest claims for thanksgiving to the Great Disposer of human events, so they may redound to His glory. The President gives the Nation's

thanks to the Army and Navy for their loyalty, energy, courage, and success; orders that all arsenals and navy yards in the United States shall thunder forth to the nation in a hundred mighty peals these brilliant achievements on land and sea; and then truly covers the whole field of gratitude to God, honor to the dead, comfort to the suffering, and faith in our cause by the following proclamation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 3d, 1864.

The signal success that Divine Providence has recently vouchsafed to the operations of the United States fleet and army in the harbor of Mobile, and the reduction of Fort Powell, Fort Gaines, and Fort Morgan, and the glorious achievements of the army under Major-General Sherman, in the State of Georgia, resulting in the capture of the city of Atlanta, call for devout acknowledgment to the Supreme Being in whose hands are the destinies of nations. It is therefore requested that on next Sunday, in all places of worship in the United States, thanksgiving be offered to Him for His mercy in preserving our national existence against the insurgent rebels who have been waging a cruel war against the Government of the United States for its overthrow, and also that prayer be made for Divine protection to our brave soldiers and their leaders in the field, who have so often and so gallantly perilled their lives in battling with the enemy, and for blessing and for comfort from the Father of mercies to the sick, wounded, and prisoners, and to the orphans and widows of those who have fallen in the service of their country, and that He will continue to uphold the Government of the United States against all the efforts of public enemies and secret foes.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Let us then give God the thanks due his name this day, because his mercy has followed and preserved us. Let us obey this Executive call, because victory marks our movements, hope cheers our people, secret foes have been thwarted, and peace is unfolding her sacred banners.

We thank God to-day for the solid facts that spring from the things thus far detailed that make for peace. The capture of Mobile forts are solid facts. The fall of Atlanta, at last accomplished by the final telescopic evolutionary movements of Sherman's army, is a solid fact. The possession of the Weldon Railroad is a solid fact that will weigh well in the final conflict for Union and peace. These events that predict so much, are the way-marks to tell the historian

where entombed are portions of the rebel Confederacy. It rejoices the heart of an American, and of a friend of universal liberty, to mark the heroic endurance and perseverance of that great army as it marched forward to victory. After digging, intrenching and marching for months on a line of over two hundred miles, daily skirmishing and fighting, scaling and flanking artificial and natural fortresses, unfitting over fifty thousand insurgents for rebellion, stamping glory upon scores of battle-fields, enshrining in human affections the names and deeds of hundreds of gallant heroes, and delivering myriads of the oppressed from the tyranny of slavery, the Union army finally stands at the apex of the triangular mountain region over which it fought, holding in its grasp the keys of the granary, storehouse, arsenal, workshop,—the wealth of the rebellion, and sending back the news to the friends of freedom in the immortal words of its leader: "So Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." The great wealth of bravery, courage, sacrifice, to gain this point, was all poured out for peace. For peace those heroes fought, for peace they stood their ground, kept their ranks unbroken, pierced the valleys, climbed the mountains, forded rivers, charged in the face of death, gained victories,—for peace they fought and bled, and died, —for peace the surviving turned and left in honored graves their fallen comrades, then pressed on for the prize, chanting the sad dirge as they invincibly moved:—

"Brothers, farewell!
A tear on your dust—and again back to life—
But you will return not with us to the strife,
With a sigh we commit the dear forms to the sod,
The dust to the earth, and the spirits to God.
Brothers, farewell!"

Could an old Roman appear on the earth to-day, and see the embattling hosts beneath whose tread the nation rocks with earthquake power, and hear the salvos of artillery thundering forth, from thousands of batteries, some as the key-note to deadlier struggles, and others as the glorious salutations to the triumphant results of the war-giants' cyclopean blows, his Roman imagery, though martial and

majestic, would fade in comparison with the dreadful reality around him. It would indicate to him a deeper ambition for military glory, than when Cæsar wept in Spain by the statue of Alexander, or when Hannibal thundered at the gates of Rome. Or, could a mailed-clad warrior of the long ago castled-Rhine, behold to-day, the embattlement-lined banks of American rivers, and the fiery war clouds bursting over American harbors for the possession of sea port cities and strongholds for defense, he would imagine the science of this age was *war,* grim, *savage* WAR; whereas the American patriot and lover of freedom to all of God's children, can see flowing from all these terrible events, more sacred protection to the sanctities of the human heart, and more substantial guarantees for the equal rights *all.*

But should an old soldier for the ancient empire come forth from his grave and see that through divisions and compromises of domestic enemies, Rome has fallen—he might exclaim:

"'Tis Rome demands our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of Empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free—Rome is no more."

May the righteous influence and moral power of the American Union humble the proud tyrants of the earth and set the oppressed nations free, because of the mighty sacrifice of heroes for the cause; but should any dead hero, who fell in the morning of conscious victory to him, mingle again with these earthly scenes, may he not like the old Roman, catch first the epitaph of his country's ruin,—"America is no more;"—but, those other words, "America, *strong* and *free,* because JUST."

Besides the victories that cheer us, let us thank God for his providential abundance to supply the nation's commissariat. Our harvests have yielded bountifully. God has enabled us to feed both ourselves and our starving enemies. For this blessing and privilege, let us be humbled and thankful. Why has famine not stared us even in the face? Why has pestilence not thinned our ranks, while our

armies have been fighting in pestilential climes? Famine and Pestilence invariably go joined together after the heels of war. Truly God has favored us. The wealth of the mines as well as of the soil has been developed. Exigencies reveal our native resources. National confidence in our future has thereby been strengthened, and the National Treasury has become the most reliable Savings Bank of the peoples' hard earned wages. We thank God for these evidences of stability, and quiet determination to be united and free. We would be base, indeed, did we not humbly return to the Great Giver of all good our sincere and prayerful thanks for these manifold blessings.

Now, my dear friends, our cause is just, the war is upon us, our duty is plain, the end is near. The work still is great. But success follows unflinching, *pressing* ONWARD. We may meet discomfiture, but may we never endure disgrace. Confidence in the future of the Republic we want, like that of the old Roman, who, while hedged within the city's walls, bought at an enormous price the ground on which Hannibal's beseiging legions were encamped without. Let us look beyond the present tumultuous distress. Faith in the ultimate triumph of a just cause will bear with mountain firmness the shock of war-clouds when hurling their bolts hotly and heavily upon us. We know that righteous deliverance will gild our future history.

The nation wants peace. The army wants peace. But shall national honor be supplanted by an ignoble, ruinous, war-engendering peace? Shall we overlook the crimes of rebellion? No. The rebellion is too nearly crushed to cease for awhile to nurse it into life again. Too many battles fought, victories won; too much hard labor to break the confederacy into a number of separate divisions, to weaken it, to wrest from its grasp its great rivers not long since lined with batteries, to regain all its large cities and sea ports, and two-thirds of all its once fortified territory, and too many sacrifices to deliver its poor oppressed sufferers from the most barbarous despotism known in time—too much has been done and gained to sue now for peace except upon unconditional allegiance to law, except upon

the re-establishment of the Nation upon a basis that will secure to *all* the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We want no other peace. The barbarities practiced upon our soldiers at Andersonville would sanction no other peace. The blood of the pioneer settlers of the West, murdered by Indians instigated by rebel emissaries, speaks for no other peace. The graves of ten thousands of heroes, scattered over the rebellious domain, send up a sepulchral wail against any peace, but one just and righteous. Loss of national honor is worse than civil war. The army now holds the national virtue in its keeping. It will never yield to an ignoble cry for peace. The army will give us a peace, permanent because righteous, when the rebellion lies gasping and bleeding, and crying for mercy at the feet of an outraged, yet re-established and glorious Union. While we thank God for the prospects, by His help, let us fight and pray for peace. John Knox always had his country at the throne of grace. "Give me Scotland, or else die." Queen Mary feared his prayers more than an army of ten thousand men. Pray then for the American Union. It is worthy of the most earnest prayers. Push forward the conquering sceptre until the majesty of law is vindicated and righteousness reigns. Your record, then for truth and Christ will be royal. It will

"Tell on ages—Tell for God."

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